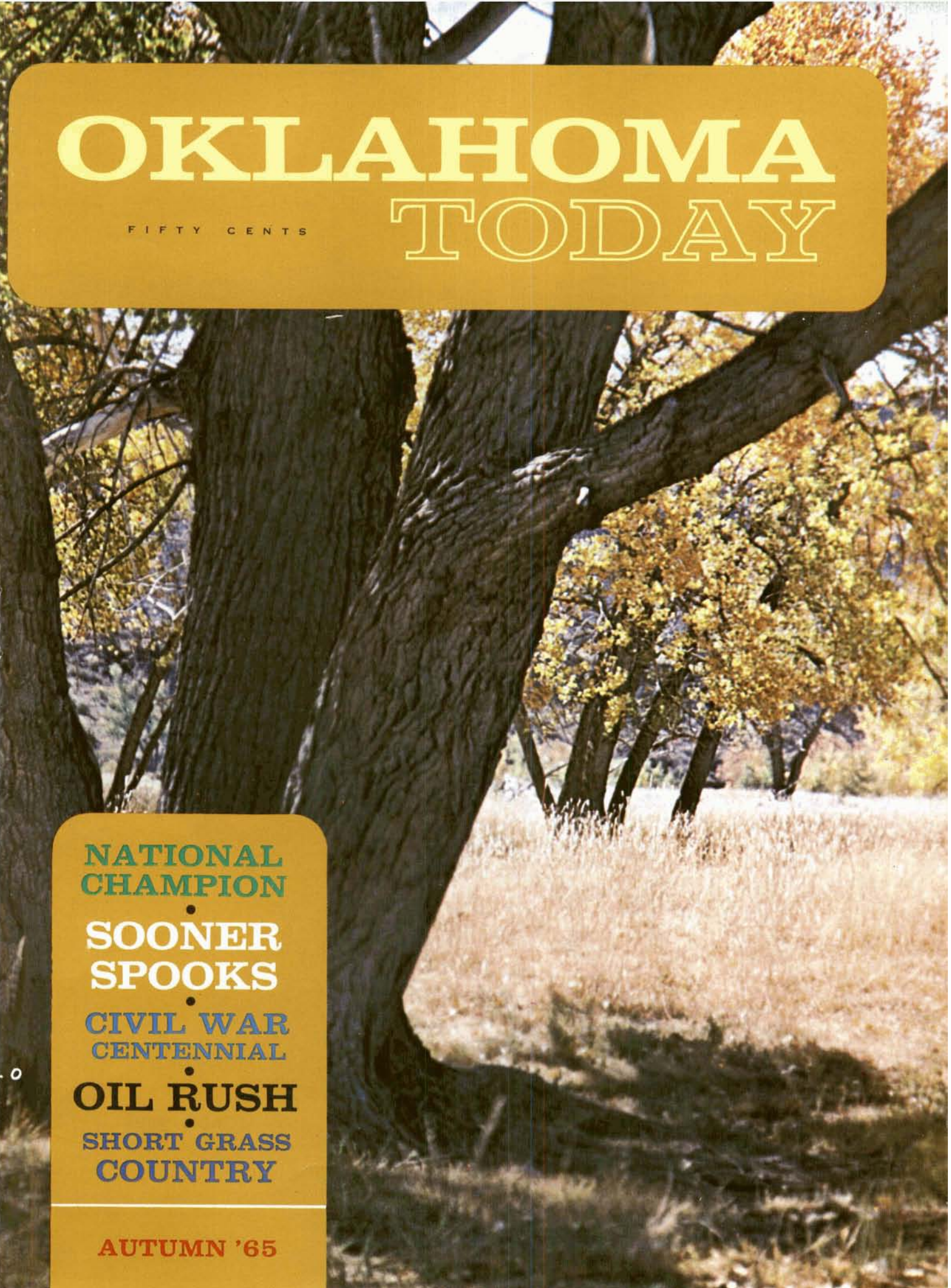




OKLAHOMA TODAY

FIFTY CENTS

**NATIONAL
CHAMPION**

•
**SOONER
SPOOKS**

•
**CIVIL WAR
CENTENNIAL**

•
OIL RUSH

•
**SHORT GRASS
COUNTRY**

AUTUMN '65

OKLAHOMA TODAY



HON. HENRY BELLMON
GOVERNOR, STATE OF OKLAHOMA

VOLUME 15, NUMBER 4

AUTUMN 1965

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ART AND PRODUCTION

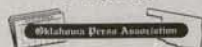
RON CARROLL
CIRCULATION AND PROMOTION

Oklahoma Today is published quarterly in the interest of all Oklahoma by the Industrial Development and Park Department.

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Oklahoma Today, Will Rogers Bldg., State Capitol, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. \$1.85 per year in U. S. and possessions; \$2.25 elsewhere; 50¢ single copy.



All I know is what I read in the paper. Will Rogers

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Fountainhead

This is Fountainhead, beautiful and luxurious, on Lake Eufaula. Its decor is tasteful, its accommodations comfortable. At Fountainhead, you are offered your choice of anything from a single room, to a suite with its own private swimming pool. Pictured above, is one of the tree houses at the lodge. These elegant rustic cottages, suspended above terra firma, contain two bedrooms and combination parlor-dinette-kitchen. Or if you are one who shuns such elegance, preferring to rough it with your own outfit, camping facilities are available at Fountainhead State Park, and the fishing is at its best at Eufaula Lake right now.



PHOTOS BY PAUL E. LEFEBVRE



**Anyone for Polo? Not croquet
or checkers—Oklahomans take**

chukkers

BY PHIL DESSAUER

On a green-matted field at Norman this fall, Oklahoma sports fans will tingle with excitement as they watch hard-driving teams match skills in a rugged game featuring speed, stamina and body contact.

Football? Not on this field. It's polo—a game that was being played long before the first martyred pig sacrificed its skin to be carried and kicked to gridiron glory.

Followers of polo say their game is enjoying a rise in popularity in these parts, although it may never rival baseball, bowling or jaywalking as a pastime for the masses. The odds are, for example, that the average man will never associate a maneuver known as "bumping" with polo so long as it is so well identified with an indoor-type sport performed by disrobing dancers.

If the game is becoming more popular, the reason could
continued



chukkers

be that any polo field is where the action is; where four-man teams armed with long stick mallets go after each other without letup as they try to drive a little white ball—made of bamboo root—through goalposts set at opposite ends of a field 300 yards long by 160 wide.

Anyone who has ever played shinny or any kind of stick-hockey can be a polo fan, and those who play or follow the game yield to no other breed in their enthusiasm.

Such a devotee is Clark Hetherington, a Norman businessman who has swung a big mallet in reviving the game in central Oklahoma in recent years.

What are the limits of polo addiction? Well, Hetherington once played in a tournament wearing a cast on each leg. More importantly, he founded Norman's Broad Acres Polo Club in 1955, and nursed it through the years when there weren't enough players to make up two full teams. Now the Norman-Oklahoma City members play in major tournaments.

The polo fervor shows up in family traditions. Hetherington, for one, turned his son Bill into a player. The Broad Acres Club has two other father-and-son combinations, A. D. Black and Don of Norman and Alex Cheek and Jim of Oklahoma City.

The "Mr. Polo" of Tulsa today is John T. Oxley, an oilman whose two sons, Jack and Tom, regularly join him in tournament play. The Oxleys are familiar figures throughout the polo circuits of the nation.

More about the Oxleys, Hetheringtons, et al in a moment. This discussion already has gone too far without mentioning the real heroes of polo—the *horses*, of course.

Polo players modestly estimate their ponies are 65 to 70 per cent of the game. Without a proper mount, a poloist is just a fellow in a bright shirt, riding pants, boots and helmet, waving a helpless mallet while his opponent rides off with the ball.

A polo pony has to be nimble, fast and stout-hearted—and above all, responsive to his rider's signals. There's a popular fallacy that the horse gallops after the ball without any guidance from upstairs. But polo players aren't fond of a horse with a mind of its own; they look for one that obeys hand and leg signals almost by telepathy.

Polo is probably the only sport in Oklahoma that can boast a full-fledged movie star—and it's a horse. The ace of John Oxley's stable is "Stormy," one of the nation's outstanding polo ponies before retiring to stud, and the central figure of a Walt Disney movie called "The Disappointed Thoroughbred."

Stormy, who is also known as Woodie D., was considered too small for thoroughbred racing and was turned into a cutting and roping horse until he was "discovered" by Bob Skene, a top-ranking polo star with a rating of 10 goals (something like 24 karat). Under Skene, Stormy became a polo pony worthy of a 10-goal rider.

Oxley bought the horse several years ago and rode him before putting him on his ranch near Pawhuska, where Stormy has added to his fame as a sire of thoroughbred polo ponies.

It may seem heresy to Oklahoma's quarterhorse fans, but Oxley considers the thoroughbred the only mount fit for polo.

"This is the only real horse," he says positively. "Comparing a quarterhorse and a thoroughbred is like comparing a Model-T Ford with a modern Cadillac."

These "real horses" sell to polo players for real money—\$500 to \$4,500, sometimes as much as \$6,000. A player needs three to six mounts for a match, for horses are changed after every fast-and-furious chukker, the playing periods of seven and a half minutes. A game consists of six chukkers, and if the score is tied at the end there's a "sudden death" playoff with the first score in the extra period deciding the match.

This tidy investment in horses means a polo player would lend one of his ponies about as readily as he'd farm out his girl friend. It also indicates why polo, the "sport of kings," is still considered a rich man's game. If a poor boy intends to go very far in polo, he'd do well to latch onto some wealthy horses.

However, Hetherington points out that it isn't necessary for the beginner or ordinary player to make such an investment. "With a couple of \$200 horses you can have just as much fun as you'd have with thoroughbreds," he says.

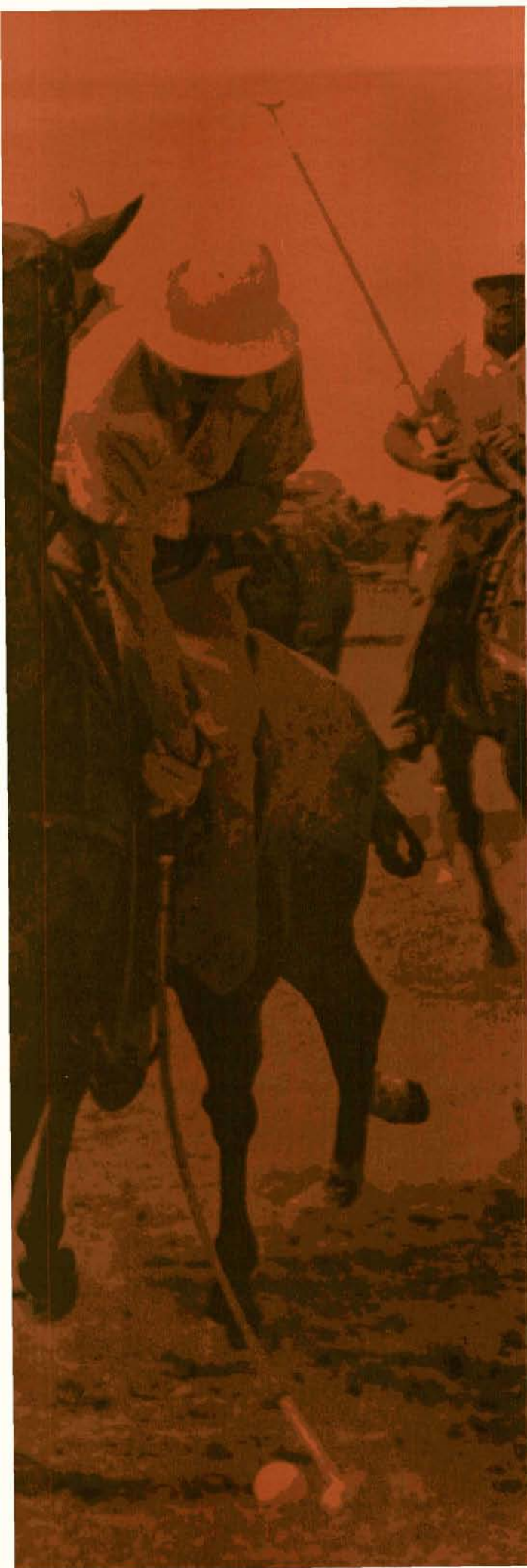
This recalls a comment Will Rogers once made when a news story said he was going to South America to buy some polo ponies. Said Will: "Type of polo I always played, I could get my horse off a merry-go-round."

Some day a writer may be able to turn out an article on an Oklahoma topic without mentioning Will Rogers. But it won't be about polo. In his youth the great cowboy quipster took to the game like any natural-born rider, and helped promote polo at Claremore's Oklahoma Military Academy and elsewhere in the 1930's. OMA had some fine teams in those days; it was a cavalry officers' training school for the army and there were plenty of good horses and riders.

(Oddity: Two men who were teammates at OMA in the '30's are now public officials in the same courthouse—Tulsa County Sheriff Dave Faulkner and County Commissioner Burkett Wamsley.)

Polo also had a gay heyday at Ponca City, where the late E. W. Marland introduced it along with foxhunting—complete with a genuine imported English riding master. It was a high-society game, but Marland encouraged Ponca Citians who couldn't afford ponies to borrow his. He went all out for the game: it was said he hired some vice presidents for his oil company whose duties were concerned more with polo than petroleum.

Here comes Will Rogers again. He once commented on the plight of "society" when a western team won a polo championship from an eastern foursome: "... the west always thought you had to have a birth certificate to play it, now every cowpuncher is herding in the heifers with a corn plaster saddle, and even the 'hay heavens' have changed a pitchfork into a polo mallet,



PHOTOS BY C. NEDWIN HOCKMAN

twenty thousand Chicagoans witnessed Sunday's social massacre. Nineteen thousand of 'em had never seen a horse, much less a polo game . . . poor old society they got nothing exclusive left. The movie folks outmarried and outdivorced them, the common folks took their cock-tails, 'near' society took to bridge, now polo has gone to the buckwheat belt, so poor old society hasent even been left a code."

One of the polo veterans of Will Rogers' day is still active in it. He is Harry F. Miller, who teaches horsemanship and polo at his Millerwood Polo and Riding Club in Tulsa.

"I guess I brought polo to Tulsa," he recalls. "I was a World War I cavalryman, and after the war some of the other cavalry veterans who lived in Tulsa asked me to start a riding club. Probably 90 per cent of the players now active in polo here are former students of mine."

Polo must have a preserving quality. Miller still enjoys playing—at 72. He explains, "If you ride well it's not so strenuous."

Miller, Hetherington and other lovers of polo are most encouraged by the young people who are showing an interest in the game. World War II killed off practically all polo activity, and they say the current revival is the liveliest in 20 years. The trend is nationwide, although the U. S. still can't touch Australia, where a polo crowd of only 10,000 at a big tournament means there must have been an outbreak of bubonic plague nearby.

A polo school has been held at Norman for the past three years. About a dozen young players attended the last one, and they are the hope of the old-timers in building the game. Similarly, Miller taught a group of OMA students last year. He also has a businessman's class, and polo is being played by four different groups in Tulsa, ranging from beginners up to Oxley's experts.

Tulsa teams led by Oxley have won cups all around the country; one of them captured the National Open Tournament—the World Series of polo—at Santa Barbara, Calif., in 1963.

The Tulsa Polo & Hunt Club—Oxley's group—currently holds the National 12 Goal Intercircuit championship, another much desired title—which was won in 1962 by Broad Acres. These clubs regularly play teams from Dallas, Wichita, Kansas City, Memphis and others in their circuit.

But most of the action, and the hope of polo's future in Oklahoma, comes in the weekend play by those not yet ready for the rigors of tournament matches. In Tulsa and Norman-Oklahoma City there are 75 or 80 active players, plus learners, who have tasted the thrill of the breakneck chase to knock a small rolling piece of bamboo root between goal posts—and keep an opponent from doing the same. It's a challenging sport, and mighty invigorating.

The unbridled enthusiasm of these players was indicated by John Oxley after his Tulsa team nipped Santa Barbara 9-8 in a sizzling overtime tournament battle. Oxley found it so exhilarating that he called it "one of the greatest games on earth." And he added, almost compassionately for the outside world, "I feel sorry for those who didn't see it." THE END



Like panning for gold
It was an adventurer's paradise

THE SHALLOW FIELD

BY DAVID CRAIGHEAD

The boy bounded from the train to the platform of the station marked, "Bartlesville, I.T.," full of anticipation. He was in Indian Territory! Where were the Indians?

In town they looked like other townsmen, in their store-bought clothes. Out from town, they were apt to be driving a team and wagon, like other settlers who were farming, grazing cattle, building railroads and developing the natural resources.

The boy's father had left a successful law practice in Minnesota for the oil business in the Territory. The family moved to Bartlesville in 1904, lived there several years and became wealthy from oil. The boy grew up to be an oil man and today often is called the "richest American." His name is J. Paul Getty.

Bartlesville got its first taste of oil in 1897 when an oil well, gallantly named the "No. 1 Nellie Johnstone" after the daughter of one of its promoters, found an oil-bearing sand at 1,320 feet. But there was no way to transport the oil to a refinery. And government restrictions forbade further drilling. These rules were changed in 1904 and an immediate surge in oil development brought rapid growth.

"The reawakening of the Bartlesville oil field has begun," exulted the *Bartlesville Weekly Examiner* on January 2, 1904. News reports like this brought men in droves to the new oil country. Some, like J. Paul Getty's father, were investors and executives. Some came looking for work. One of the latter was E. L. Malone, a field worker from Ohio whose letters to his wife and son at home graphically described life in the Indian Territory oil fields.

In a letter from Hominy he said: "I have never seen as many oil men in my life as I have seen since I have been here. They are from every oil field in the U.S. from Pennsylvania to California and all the hotels and boarding houses are crowded . . ."

Oil wells like the No. 1 Nellie Johnstone which bored 1,300 feet and deeper into the earth were expensive as wells went in that day. This factor kept drilling mostly in the hands of companies or relatively wealthy individuals. But just at this time—the year 1904—the "little man" came to the fore 25 miles east of Bartlesville. There, near the old Delaware Indian village of Alluwe, oil was found much nearer the surface. As little as 300 feet of drilling could bring oil! Success at 500-750 feet

continued from preceding page

was not unusual. Time would prove that this was no small pool but a vast field embracing half a dozen pools.

A huge, shallow oil field! The dream of oilmen with plenty of ambition but little money! Most of Nowata and part of Rogers County are in this Shallow Field or, as it sometimes is called, the Cherokee Shallow Sand District. The first wells in the region were drilled farther south, near Chelsea, by Edward Byrd, whose wife was Cherokee.

Byrd had noticed what looked like oil glittering in a pool of water near Spencer Creek. He drilled four wells in 1889. All were less than 100 feet deep . . . but all produced a small amount of oil! Lease regulations blocked further work by Byrd.

Northeastern Oklahoma by 1904 clearly had become the first important oil-producing area in the state. Though oil activity in the first half of 1904 centered in the Osage Nation west of Bartlesville, drilling also raced ahead in the Bartlesville pool and at Red Fork, Cleveland, and Muskogee.

In 1905 the true dimensions of the Shallow Field began to be realized as the march of drilling rigs continued north to the Coody's Bluff area. This gave the Chelsea-Alluwe pool a proven length of fifteen to eighteen miles. The year 1905 also saw the discovery of the Nowata-Claggett pool, a westward arm of the Shallow Field. In 1906 the Delaware-Childers pool was opened, north of Nowata. The California Creek pool in extreme northern Nowata County was developed later. All these pools are geologically related and, as a whole, form the Shallow Field. The Adair pool, west of Nowata, is shallow in depth but geologically more akin to the pools in the Bartlesville district.

The springboard for this fledgling oil region was the pleasant, tree-shaded Kansas town of Independence—barely fifty miles north. Independence, already the center of a lively oil play in southeastern Kansas, proudly called itself the "Buckle on the Oil Belt." Oil men roamed the country for many miles from this "Buckle" in search of good leases. One of the many who left Independence for Indian Territory was a young man named Harry Sinclair. As a resident of Bartlesville he bought and sold oil properties with a flair that eventually helped him found one of the largest oil companies in the world.

William L. Connelly, who joined Sinclair in Independence and remained with him for fifty years, had first tried his luck in the Shallow Field. He tells the story in his book *The Oil Business as I Saw It*:

"Four or five of us were operating as an independent group. We put down a well near Alluwe, on the Patrick Henry farm, but it was a duster. In subsequent years production was developed on this very lease, and it has since all come into the fold of the Sinclair-Prairie Oil Company, with which I was soon to become associated.

"Such," he added ruefully, "are the fortunes of the oil business."

Oil companies, to be sure, had a large part in developing the Shallow Field, but what is most memorable about this oil region is the chance it gave the "little man."

One of these was C. C. Harmon, a tall man physically

but small in financial circles. After having worked in the oil fields of several states, Harmon arrived in Nowata in 1905, "worse than broke." Oil leases he found to be cheap—usually one dollar per acre. Even the relatively low cost of the Shallow Field wells was more than he could afford, however, so he cut costs by "going-in partners."

J. Wood Glass, who later became one of Harmon's partners, came to Nowata in 1902 as a young law graduate. When the Shallow Field action began he entered the oil business and, with the years, grew prosperous. Harmon and Glass had holdings in the Shallow Field for many decades.

The *Independence Reporter* told about other "poor boys" who found riches in the rolling prairie country around Nowata. One was a former Pennsylvania sheriff who came to the Territory, bought leases near Coody's Bluff, got a string of good wells, and before long had holdings worth an estimated \$750,000.

The *Tulsa Democrat*, in reporting this man's success, commented: "When he struck Coffeyville a couple of years ago, he was not only broke but badly warped."

Since the main oil-bearing strata, the Bartlesville sand, could be readily reached, the Shallow Field was "drilled up" quickly. In the Coody's Bluff-Alluwe-Chelsea pool alone, 1,490 wells were drilled in 1905 and 1906. But there was a sharp drop in well-completions after 1908. This was partly because the Shallow Field wells were small producers—from 15 to 40 barrels a day on the average—while wells in the newer fields could boast of higher production.

Boom days in the Shallow Field thus were fairly short and happy. By 1920 most of the field's wells were depleted or "on the pump" and it seemed to many that "the story of the field had been told." But in 1931 the first systematic water-flooding in the entire Mid-Continent oil region took place in the Alluwe area. This method of getting more oil out of old wells proved highly successful and it has since been used in many other parts of this and other fields. Some of the Shallow Field's older wells still are producing oil by water-flood.

The "big money" of oildom, which had wanted larger wells than the Shallow Field could offer, was not diverted for long by the oil play in Nowata County. Indian Territory was a huge and promising petroleum region and strong oil-scented winds continued to blow briskly during the development of the Shallow Field. By early 1906, wildcat drilling in the Tulsa neighborhood, fifty miles south of Nowata, had begun to focus attention there.

On May 14, 1906, the *Independence Reporter* stated that oil men were extending their search farther south from Sapulpa. Where the next big field would be was not quite certain.

"Just now," said the *Reporter*, "Tulsa is talked of as the center. Three years ago it was Chanute, then Independence, then Bartlesville . . . If a big pool is opened, Tulsa will make the best town anywhere in the south."

The world soon would learn that Tulsa indeed had the world's first giant oilfield on its doorstep.

Next issue:

"Glenn Pool—Forest of Derricks."

NATIONAL CHAMPION



FIRST PLACE AWARD — NATIONAL HANDICAPPED ARTISTS CONTEST, WASHINGTON, D. C.



GRAPHIC AND DRAWING DIVISION AWARD — OKLAHOMA MUSEUM OF CONSERVATIVE ART.

Greg Burns is a most unusual young man. While a freshman at Oklahoma City's McGuinness High School, he made the decision that he would become an artist.

He had some problems. A rare disease called arthrogryposis, with which he had been born, had deprived him almost entirely of the use of his hands, arms, and legs.

Greg solved the problem by learning to draw with his brush or pen held in his teeth. How well he learned is demonstrated by his works, two of which are shown here, and by the awards he has won.

Greg began his study as a scholarship winner at the Oklahoma Science and Arts Foundation. He has been further encouraged and assisted by the A. & E. Equipment Company, affiliated with the National Art Materials Trade Association. He has studied with Robert Durden, Lucile Reid, and Richard Goetz.

Greg Burns has provided one of the most effective answers we have ever encountered to those who complain that the system, or the world, or something, is against them, that failure is inevitable, that you can't win.

For two successive years he won the *Young Artist of Oklahoma Award* which is presented by the University of Oklahoma. He has won the *Graphic and Drawing Division Award* of the Oklahoma Museum of Conservative Art. He won a total of seven ribbons at the 1963 and '64 State Fairs. He won recognition at the Business Men in Oklahoma Art Exhibit, the Spring Fine Arts Show at Shepherd Mall, and the Festival of Arts at Penn Square, where he was voted the most popular realistic artist.

Most recently he won *First Place* in the *National Handicapped Artists Contest* in Washington, D.C. Now graduated from McGuinness, Greg will continue his art study this autumn at the University of Oklahoma.

Oklahoma Scrapbook

SONG OF AUTUMN

by

Eloise Johnston

Passenger of heaven, rare, majestic;
Wide wings, shadow-tipped against an autumn sky;
We stand enthralled to catch the music
Of your melancholy cry.
So far, so high—
Lament for days long done—
Your fellows homed in brake and marsh
By thousands, dipping joyously
Aslant an autumn sun.

Let not this lonely, sweet phenomenon
Foretell a doom: A noble breed as surely gone
As the giant bison bleaching in the sands
Along our Cimarron.

OKLAHOMA JOE THUNDER

The Newspaper Enterprise Association (NEA) has just introduced a comic strip which will be appearing in newspapers throughout the U. S. and the world. The name of the strip is *THE GOOD GUYS* and one of its two principal characters is named Oklahoma Joe Thunder. Joe is an Indian. The NEA describes Joe thusly:

"Joe is a super-hero with gobs of money. He's well educated, fair, tough, attractive and up-to-date. Everything he does he does well. Vic meets Joe in a wine cellar trying to find a bottle of Napoleon brandy (hopefully, with one of Napoleon's fingerprints on it). After a nasty fight the two end up in jail and Joe reveals he has a \$300 imported trenchcoat he's never worn. What would be a more legitimate and logical way to get some wear out of it than to buy into Vic Flint's detective agency?"

We're looking forward with considerable eagerness to the adventures of Joe Thunder; because of the "Oklahoma" in his name, which is reminiscent of another famed Oklahoma accomplisher of he-man miracles—the Thunderbirds—and because we roomed with a real life-like Joe Thunder in college.

The real life name of our Joe Thunder was Bob Warrior. Bob was Osage, had money, a classy convertible and was as debonair as they come. He had what in Paris they call *savoir-faire*. Over six feet tall, handsome, easy-

going, witty, and a great sense of humor. He was a dare devil for sure, would try anything, not just once but as many times as it took to bring it off. Bob became a Marine and was killed in the World War II island fighting in the Pacific.

So here's to Oklahoma Joe Thunder—may he have a great and adventurous career, and all the spirit of a wonderful guy we once knew. *THE GOOD GUYS* continuity will be written by J. Harvey Bond, who in real life is Russ Winterbotham, who writes "whodunits" under several pen names.

. . . Bill Burchardt



AN AUTUMN DAY IN OKLAHOMA

Sunrise at Robbers Cave

The day begins pensively, as the rising sun ascends, slowly to reveal the ancient and rugged terrain north of Wilburton. This was once an almost impenetrable fastness containing the secluded and mysterious retreats of those who reason to evade the law. Now unmarred by the presence of those desperate men and women who once found sanctuary here, it is a wonderful place for us to spend a few quiet autumn days in personal retreat, for a while to escape the concerns which plague us, and contemplate the ways of nature, and that which is Eternal.

Color photo by Paul E. Lefebvre

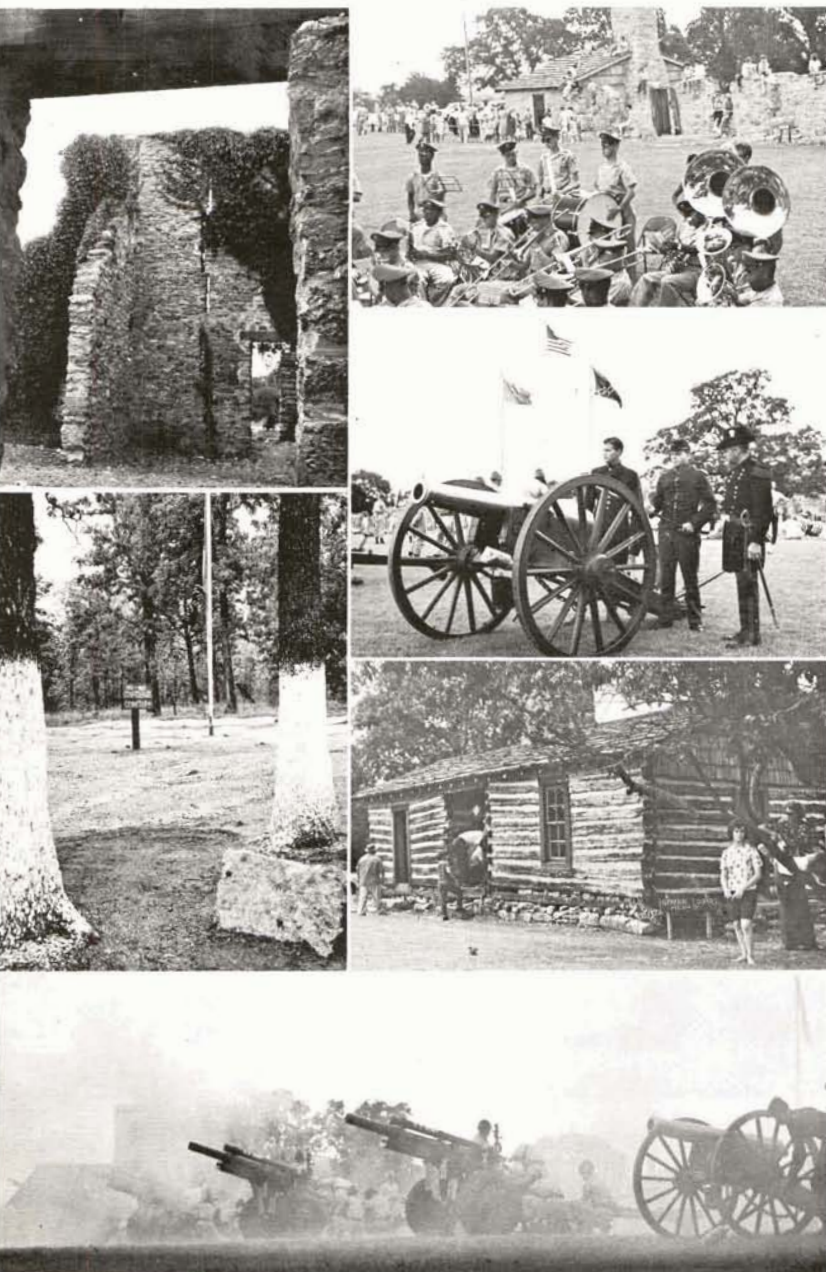


Oklahoma Scrapbook

The Oklahoma Historical Society tour this year consisted of a two-day trip, to the re-opening and dedication of Fort Washita, and to attend the final ceremonial of the Civil War Centennial at Fort Towson.

General Zachary Taylor, later to be President, selected the site and name for Fort Washita. It was an extremely active frontier post from the early 1840's through the Civil War. It then lay abandoned until the Historical Society's restoration, financed by Ward Merrick of Ardmore, began in 1962.

It is a beautiful site of great historic significance. You should certainly plan to visit the old fort at your first opportunity. Here are scenes from the recent dedication:



PHOTOS BY BILL BURCHARDT

AN AUTUMN DAY . . .

Beavers Bend Early Morning

Autumn is a thoughtful time. A time to tune ourselves to a more leisurely pace. A time to savor the scent of wood smoke beside a campfire cooking breakfast. In Beavers Bend Park the Mountain Flow flows placidly by your camp site. Wild creatures, a busy squirrel, the calling and replying birds, a grazing deer, are hardly disturbed by your presence. You can listen to the casual talk of a pair of high flying crows, or a burst of chatter from a squirrel and, if you are perceptive you may comprehend whereof they speak. All things in nature have a worthwhile message. If we listen, and thoughtfully try to comprehend, we can often learn something of this timeless wisdom.

Color photo by Bill Burchardt



Oklahoma Scrapbook

Brig. Gen. Stand Watie, C.S.A., was the last Confederate General to lay down his arms in the cause that was lost. That event was commemorated at Fort Towson this spring in the final ceremony of the long Civil War Centennial.

The characters in the pageant which re-enacted this drama of surrender were marvelously chosen. We almost had the feeling of walking among the very people who had made this history, a century past, in 1865. Here are some of them:



AN AUTUMN DAY . . .

Mid-morn near Hartshorne

The wild flowers bloom in autumn all around us. The leaves paint the horizon with flame and purple, green and gold. The sky remains a depthless blue, with lacings of white clouds. Do not hasten by, for months will pass ere this returns. Those matters that press and hurry us will be better solved if we will only take a little time, not forcing them, for a moment ceasing to drive so hard. Such beauty can refresh the eyes of every beholder. But there are those who never see it. There are those who even deny that it is there. They, the cynical, hurried ones, are those who lose. One learns to believe only by thankfully accepting that which is offered to us so freely, in certainty a wine without price.

Color photo by Bill Burchardt

PHOTOS BY BILL BURCHARDT



Oklahoma Scrapbook

Cosmo "Scotty" Falconer was the postmaster in Cheyenne, Oklahoma, at the turn of the century. He had been born in Scotland, emigrated to America, worked for various cattle outfits, and finally wound up running his own spread along Dead Indian Creek in western Oklahoma.

He lived his life on the frontier, knew it well, and without any formal training drew sketches of the life he knew.

Here are his sketches of a typical roundup, as they appeared in the *Kansas City Star* in 1901, under the heading *Sketches by Scotty Falconer of Red Moon, Oklahoma Territory.*

*Loading the
Chuck wagon*



Working the Remuda



"Singing to them"



"Scatter out boys"



*"Chuck-
a-way"*



"Taking out the links"



"Throwing them together"



"Cutting Out Strays"



"Crowding them in"



"Having one"

AN AUTUMN DAY . . .

Noon near Black Mesa

Up here on the high plains, a finer, clearer, fresher brand of air prevails. It seems to have an especially stimulating, invigorating, tonic effect on those who remain breathe deeply of it. We are reluctant to prescribe it lest we be accused of practicing medicine without a license. So we can only gently urge that you plan a sojourn as long as you can, to the Oklahoma panhandle. It is a land which might yet be said to be "No Man's Land," for we cannot help but feel convinced that the title to it might properly be traced back to no man, but to God. At high noon in this Black Mesa country, the pleasant autumn sun may convey a similar message to you.

Color photo by Rubye McCan



Oklahoma Scrapbook

NEW BOOKS

HENRY STARR by Glenn Shirley (David McKay Co., Inc., New York, \$4.50) Author Shirley's book is convincing proof of the adage that there is some good in every bad man. There was much good in Henry Starr but he was never able to overcome the high flame of deviltry that burned within him. He became a top hand at his trade, which was outlawry. Henry Starr's career outside the law spanned the era of Judge Isaac Parker's Federal Court for the Western District of Arkansas, which ruled Oklahoma's Indian Nations with the hangman's rope, to the 20th century underworld, when the automobile had become the getaway vehicle. Starr was cut down to death at age forty-eight, by one of the tools of his own trade.

THE FUN OF FAMILY CAMPING by George S. Wells (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Inc., New York, \$5.00) A recent article in McCall's magazine by George Wells speaks highly of camping facilities in Oklahoma. He was especially enthusiastic about our Platt National Park, which abounds with campers each year. His book on the subject is most thorough and completely informative. If you have a yearning to camp out you can save yourself many an unfortunate experience by giving Wells' book close study. There is no reason for plunging wearily down one trial and error blind alley after another, when there is a book like this available to show you how to do it right the first time.



OKLA HOLISSO

The script which heads this item are the Chickasaw words meaning "book of the people". These words and the emblem shown here are candidates for the official insignia of the newly organized Chickasaw Historical Society of Southern Oklahoma. The aims of the new society are especially noteworthy. Wm. A. MacGalliard, of Ardmore, writes, "What we are trying to do is break new ground in the field of the local history organization. We are only secondly interested in relics and antiques and a museum (this has its merits and is in our plans for the future). Our primary interest is in the collection and treatment of local history information. We want to collect facts, the data and the stories of the beginnings—prehistory to the present—and convert this into records, archives and publications. Among our first working committees are local writers, artists, and photographers." Which is indeed a new approach and a most promising one.

AN AUTUMN DAY . . .

Big Cedar Afternoon

The water of this stream is a mirror. It is blue when the unobstructed sky ranges overhead. It is green where green foliage overhangs the bank. It is blood red where leaves of that hue reflect across it. It is salmon pink where maples stand alongside, or deep purple beside the gum tree's ripe leaves. It runs as clear as when the Choctaw people first emigrated to these Kiamichis, and through its transparency you can study the intricate patterns of its rocky bed. Its sound is gentle beyond the power of words, and constant. Hearing it you know, with the Kiowa Ko-eet-sen-ko, that though other things be temporary, the earth remains forever.

Color photo by Bill Burchardt



Oklahoma Scrapbook

SHORT GRASS TOURS

Of new interest is the enthusiasm of western Oklahoma folks in showing off those things scenic and exciting on both sides of the U. S. 66 corridor through the Short Grass country.

There are so many sites of such interest that they had to break their tour into two parts, each a full day long. One tour went north of U. S. 66, the other south.

The southern tour began with the *Grotto* at Canute. The dramatic telling of the Crucifixion story in this beautiful Christus group of statuary, the grief portrayed there, would bring reverence to the thoughts of any passer-by who paused to see it.

Perhaps a moment of such reverence might make each traveler a bit more thoughtful of others in continuing



along the way—a bit more courteous in even such a plebeian matter as driving his car. Perhaps that courtesy might even prevent an auto accident which would have happened, with the death and injury and resulting grief we so yearn to bring an end to.

After Canute the tour turned south for a stop at the Shell Gas Cycling Plant. How interesting a visit there would be for any out-of-state youngsters whose only previous contact with the oil industry had been gasoline coming out of a filling station pump.

Then on to Clinton-Sherman Airforce Base, where resides the "fastest draw in the west"—the hound dog missile—the SAC peace officer who roams the world.

Next, to the Willis-Pellow monument works, "the real Tombstone Territory" as Rev. Haefker of Granite so aptly calls it. Here the mountains of granite, the intriguing patterns of the great walls of rough cut granite blocks, and the finishing and polishing processes, combine to create a story unknown not only to out-of-state visitors, but also to most Oklahomans.

continued

AN AUTUMN DAY . . .

Ponca City Park Evening

You need not leave your city to find autumn in Oklahoma. Autumn awaits you when you get off work. Perhaps in a park, or just at the edge of town. Have you looked for it? It will be a rewarding search. A congenial companion will help, your husband or wife, or one or all of the youngsters. Just take care that you do not search for it noisily, or frantically, or you may not find it. Look patiently, quietly, and carefully for it as you go. The reality of autumn is quickly routed by noise or haste. And if it flees before you, you cannot catch it by pursuing faster. You must stop, and wait. When calm has settled, it will come to you.

Color photo by Rubye McCan



Oklahoma Scrapbook



PHOTOS BY BILL BURCHARDT

Quartz Mountain State Park, where the scenery is beautiful, made a splendid lunch stop. The drive from the Quartz Mountains to Erick is a special joy in the spring. Wildflowers are in bloom, the gaillardia in all its glory, and it is easy to understand why Kenneth Kaufman, visiting in Boston, was inspired to write:

"And I forgot New England and her
pale winds and the airy
Trilling of the thrushes where the
storied elms stand,
To dream about gaillardias over
miles and miles of prairie
That make an Indian blanket on the
Oklahoma sand."

There is the shimmering green mesquite to be seen, and Haystack Mountain, standing as lovely and lordly as it did when it served as a landmark to frontiersmen and drovers of cattle trail days.

Then on to Bee City, near Erick, where half-a-million workers toil round the clock to produce sweets. The Wilhelm family has done an amazing job there, maintaining an oasis of quiet, pastoral peace, just one short mile north of the busy turmoil of U. S. 66. Their candies and jellies are delicious, their candles graceful, their hospitality charming.

The final stop was at Sayre, where splendid quarter horses may be seen. Here is the cradle of the American quarter horse. Horse ranchers here produce top-rated mounts, and are still improving this magnificent breed of muscular, sleek, short-coupled horses.

The northern tour began at Sayre, at the Junior College founded there in 1938, which now has its own

AN AUTUMN DAY . . .

Waning Day on an
Arbuckle Mountain Stream

No season can wait. It must move along. It always seems, when it is gone, that it stayed too briefly. This seems especially true of autumn. Here in the Arbuckle Mountains, though the leaves have only begun to turn sun yellow or rich brown, a few already have fallen to float down the swift streams, entangling themselves in moss or grass or the web of travertine. Yet another month and the early winter rains will come. Then is the time to relax indoors, by the fireside with popcorn and a book. But now it is autumn and time to travel. So be off to the woods and fields and enjoy it.

Color photo by Robert Carter



METCALFE





Oklahoma Scrapbook

campus and students from throughout western Oklahoma.

Then on to the exciting Black Kettle Museum in Cheyenne, and the site of the Battle of the Washita where Custer fought his dress rehearsal for death on the Little Big Horn. The similarities between this battle and Custer's Last Stand are too striking to be missed.

Skipout Lake makes a lovely lunch stop on the northern swing, and will tempt you to return for boating, water skiing, fishing, or just a quiet campout there.

The Augusta Metcalfe art museum at her home near Durham is unique. Here lives one of Soonerland's great pioneer ladies, who has been blest with an unsurpassed talent for painting in oils the authentic scenes of Oklahoma's earliest days. Her paintings are masterpieces of colorful realism.

Then we saw fine quarter horses at Walter Mer-



rick's ranch—Tonto Bars, one of the nation's top quarter-horse sires, and Lena Bars, the Merrick-owned filly that has set three world's records.

We stopped at Hammon where forty percent of the population is of Cheyenne heritage. Cheyenne Indian dance ceremonials that celebrated the success of buffalo hunt and war party, and the reverent old songs of prayer and honor are still well remembered here.

Turning back toward Elk City we toured the Beutler Brothers Ranch, producers of famed rodeo stock that has been seen from the Calgary Stampede to the border of Mexico.

The tour ended in Elk City's seventy-five acre city park. It is quiet and restful, and we were ready for that. Perhaps the success of these tours will encourage Western Oklahoman's, and other state areas, too, to make them a regular feature. It would be wonderful, and might herald the day when scheduled bus tours of these areas could be made available to the tremendous number of out-of-state travelers who flow through Soonerland summer after summer.

AN AUTUMN DAY . . .

Sunset from Mount Scott

The Wichitas are old, rough hewn, and durable. They have seen many suns, and ways of life now old, obscure, almost forgotten. Here young men once came alone, to fast and pray, to seek a name, a sign of what their life might hold, to hope for one swift vision of that which might to them be helper. They sought these things, and then went down to counsel with men old and wise, speaking of that which had been revealed to them that it might be interpreted. This ancient tree saw them come and go. Still it stands, and points, but many ways, and who is left to surely read its meaning? The mountains fall away to the west in silence.

Color photo by Paul E. Lefebvre





OKLAHOMA CENTER FOR



PHOTOS BY PAUL E. LEFEBVRE

An eavesdropper can pick up remarkable conversation during a coffee break at the Oklahoma Center for Continuing Education:

"... but if that's what Sartre meant, why didn't he say so?"

"... then I told him to put down the gun but he just kept staring at me."

"... and you'll never convince me that Herbert Hoover and Dorothy Perkins aren't just as beautiful as Oklahoma."

Gathered around adjoining tables in the Commons restaurant are three groups—businessmen and housewives spending a weekend at a liberal studies seminar, police officers whose notebooks are filled with penciled jottings on arson investigation, and a bevy of garden clubbers in gaily flowered hats.

At the sprawling Center at the University of Oklahoma in Norman, they're students with a common goal: each is an adult who wants to learn more about something that interests him.

During the past year, more than 50,000 adults from every state and more than a dozen foreign countries came to the Center to participate in educational programs. Dr. Thurman J. White, dean of the Extension Division and of the College of Continuing Education, expects the total to swell to 70,000 by 1970.

Eight years ago the Center site on the south edge of the university's main campus was a 20-acre field. Old-timers love to recall the days when this was the best place in Cleveland County to find quail.

But in 1958 the W. K. Kellogg Foundation of Battle Creek, Mich., provided \$1,845,000 toward construction and operation of a Center where Oklahomans and others could continue their education beyond the high school and college level. Matching funds from the Oklahoma Legislature and a bond issue completed financing of the

\$4 million complex.

When the Center opened in February 1962, the prairie grasses which had covered the 20-acre field were gone and a pedestrian could sink to his sock tops in red mud if he deserted the broad sidewalks. Now smooth swaths of native bermuda bank the walks, seasonal plantings of pansies, tulips and petunias add bright splashes of color, and young Caddo maples, oaks and poplars cast slim shadows on the clean lines of the study and living units.

Here adults from all walks of life gather each year for 500 or more short courses, conferences, seminars and institutes that may last for just one day or for several weeks. On a typical Monday the massive Forum building, hub of the Center, echoes with greetings as large groups and small assemble. In the Forum room, which seats 525 persons around a 25-foot diameter stage, Oklahoma bankers are concentrating on interest rates.

In the amphitheater in one of the three wings of the hexagonal structure, real estate appraisers get advice from a national expert. Gathered in 18 smaller meeting rooms are groups which range from amateur genealogists eagerly climbing their family trees to toolpushers arguing about the qualities of drilling mud.

Across the way from the Forum building, 40 men from business and industrial firms throughout the country have gathered in the six-story Hall of Advanced Studies where they will live and study together for seven days. They're third-year students in an institute sponsored by the American Industrial Development Council and are completing an intensive study of finance, business administration, geography and economics in a long-range program designed to stimulate the nation's economic growth.

This institute, plus an average of 220 short courses and conferences a year, are arranged by M. L. Powers, the gruffly genial assistant dean for Business and Industrial Services.

CONTINUING EDUCATION

"The man who's been out of college 10 years doesn't know much about new methods, such as the use of computers," Powers asserted. "When he comes here for a course, he isn't trying to get ahead. He's just trying to stay even."

To assist owners of small manufacturing plants who wanted to bid on certain types of contracts, Powers organized a course on quality control last fall. It proved so popular that another was demanded, much to Powers' satisfaction.

"I can't think of anything that would do our state any more good than a program to help our small industry grow and develop," he noted.

Not all the courses at the Center are of the bread and butter variety. Each year more and more Oklahomans are discovering the pleasure of spending a weekend at one of the liberal studies seminars, a welcome break from the humdrum routine of punching a time clock or washing dishes.

continued on next page

BY ELIZABETH STUBLER

Late on Friday afternoon they begin to check into rooms at Sooner House or the duplex cottages designed for families. Many arrive in time to have dinner at the Commons, where food service is supervised by Chef Thomas L. Farrell, one of the elite band of forty-seven North American chefs who have been awarded the Order of the Golden Toque.

Relaxed and eager to get acquainted, the students meet in a conference room in the Forum building to hear faculty members and others present papers on the seminar topic, which might be religion, philosophy, drugs and society, the city, or poverty. This week it's history, and after the concluding talk by Dr. Arrell M. Gibson, OU faculty member whose books reflect his vast knowledge of southwestern history, the fun begins. Everyone present has an opportunity to present his views and see how they match or conflict with those of people with different educations and experiences.

"This is the first time in years I've had a chance to talk about anything but the weather, the crops, and the neighborhood news," commented a rancher as a session ended one Saturday afternoon. "You forget how really satisfying good conversation can be."

This fall the seminars will have a new format as the "weekend university" is inaugurated. Fourteen programs will be offered on consecutive weekends by four departments of the College of Continuing Education, health studies, leadership training, liberal studies and family life. A sample of the subjects includes "Censorship: Art vs. Obscenity," "Can You Afford Good Health?" "Values in Conflict" and "Productive Thinking." To date, about eighty percent of the people who have come to one seminar have returned for another.

"This is a vital business," says Jerry Hargis, who arranges the weekend programs. "We are helping adults cope intelligently with the problems of a constantly changing world. The day when an individual can consider his education complete has ended. Our very survival may depend on our willingness to continue to learn."

Weekend seminars are just a small segment of the educational programs conducted by the College of Continuing Education, newest academic unit of the university. One of its biggest drawing cards is the curriculum leading to the Bachelor of Liberal Studies degree. This degree program for adults is the only one of its kind in the nation.

Over a period of several years, a degree candidate does independent study at home under the supervision of a faculty adviser. He spends a total of only thirteen weeks in residence at the Center, where he takes part in seminars conducted by top-ranking faculty members and completes comprehensive examinations on three broad areas of study: the humanities, the social sciences, and the natural sciences.

Since it was launched in 1961, a total of 696 people, including 385 from forty-four other states, enrolled in the BLS program. The first six BLS degrees were conferred in May 1963. Four more students completed the program the following year and there were twenty graduates in 1965.

Although progress in this degree program is not measured in terms of the traditional credit hour, the quality

of instruction is so high that graduates have no trouble being admitted to graduate colleges for further work. One BLS holder has already earned a master's degree in social work, another is working on a master's program in journalism, and a third is doing graduate work in business.

"We started out with a clientele drawn almost entirely from Oklahoma," said Dr. Jess Burkett, assistant dean of the College of Continuing Education. "Now we have at least one student in 45 of the 50 states, with the largest numbers in Pennsylvania, Louisiana, Texas, and California."

Proof of the interest in this new approach to education, which makes it possible to obtain a degree while earning a living or raising a family, came in the bundles of mail that deluged Burkett's office after a brief mention of the BLS program in the January issue of *Reader's Digest*.

"We had more than 1,600 inquiries, sometimes as many as 100 letters a day," he recalled happily. "For a while we could hardly see the tops of our desks."

When the BLS program began, enrollment was about evenly divided between men and women. Now the number of men is increasing.

"We believe it's because men in management jobs in industry are finding that a liberal education is of real benefit to them," Burkett explained. "But we have over fifty occupational listings represented, including eighty-one housewives, sixty-two persons in clerical positions, sixty-three engineers and technicians, a plumber, freelance writers, newspapermen, nurses, pilots, a telephone operator, a missionary, people from all branches of military service, a petroleum landman and an assistant warden of a federal reformatory."

Burkett, who earned his three education degrees from OU the hard way, usually attending classes part time while holding down a job, has a natural understanding of the problems of the adult who wants to continue his education.

"I was thirty before I got my bachelor's degree and I spent twenty-four years of my adult life in college," he

CALENDAR OF SELECTED CONTINUING EDUCATION COURSES

DATE	CONFERENCE	DATE	CONFERENCE
Oct. 1	O.I.P.A.	Oct. 17-29	F.A.A.
Oct. 1-2	Noise and Effective Comm.	Oct. 18	NCCJ
Oct. 1-2	Trustee Institute	Oct. 18-22	Accident Prevention
Oct. 2-4	School Administrators	Oct. 18-23	Advanced Program
Oct. 2-3	College of Surgeons	Oct. 18-29	Advanced Drilling
Oct. 3-4	North Central State Administra.	Oct. 19	Exploration Managers
Oct. 3-8	C.W.A. I	Oct. 20-22	Food Service Supervisors
Oct. 4-8	Fundamentals of Supervision	Oct. 21-22	Postgraduate Medicine
Oct. 4-29	Hospital Housekeepers	Oct. 21-22	Lutheran Pastors
Oct. 4-16	Oklahoma City Police Dept.	Oct. 22-23	B.L.S. Orientation
Oct. 4-9	Advanced Program	Oct. 22-24	The Mind
Oct. 5-7	Dietary Consultants	Oct. 25-27	Home Care
Oct. 8	Armed Forces and Highway Safety	Oct. 25-29	Fundamentals of Supervision
Oct. 8-9	Productive Thinking	Oct. 25-29	Planning for Retirement
Oct. 10-13	Airport Managers	Oct. 25-30	Advanced Program
Oct. 11-15	Personnel Management	Oct. 28	Mental Health
Oct. 11-15	Fund. of Police Supervision	Oct. 28-29	Certified Public Accountants
Oct. 11-15	Petroleum Landmen	Oct. 29	Municipal Attorneys
Oct. 11-15	Inservice Education	Oct. 29-30	Orthopedic Symposium
Oct. 11-15	Non Destructive Testing	Oct. 29-30	Weekend in a "T" Group
Oct. 11-16	Advanced Program	Nov. 1-2	Sales in Safety
Oct. 14	Hospital Engineers	Nov. 1-4	Sociological Epidemiology
Oct. 14-16	Home Builders Inst.	Nov. 1-5	Techniques of Selling
Oct. 15-16	Values in Conflict I	Nov. 1-12	Metallurgy for Engineers

commented.

Another veteran is Dr. Eugene F. Cates, assistant dean for School and Community Services, who chalked up 22 years as an Oklahoma school administrator before coming to the Extension Division in 1958. His department conducts extensive credit programs on the Norman campus, and at the resident centers throughout the state which are supervised by Sam C. Nigh.

A graduate program which will enable federal service employees and others to obtain masters' degrees through independent study and short-term resident sessions at the Center was launched in July. Called the Advanced Program in Governmental Studies, it's the only one of its kind in the country. A participant may earn a Master of Arts degree in public administration in from one and a half to five years.

K. O. Rayburn, former assistant chief of the Oklahoma Highway Patrol, directs the Southwest Center for Law Enforcement Education. Retiring after twenty years of patrol service, Rayburn happily found a second career conducting re-training programs for patrol troopers, and sessions for other law enforcement officials who study numerous topics including arson, homicide, fingerprinting, and the use of psychology in interrogation. Rayburn also heads the Center for Survival Studies, which conducts Civil Defense training programs.

Dr. Richard H. Hancock holds an unusual assortment of degrees — BS in animal husbandry, MA in Spanish from New Mexico State University, and PhD in Hispanic-American studies from Stanford. Hancock's versatility is of special value in his work with Peace Corps volunteers, who have been trained at the Center for work in Latin America and Africa. Groups bound for Bolivia and El Salvador reported in July to begin a three-month study. Hancock also directs training of foreign nationals preparing for similar work in their own countries.

In addition to rubbing shoulders with people from other lands, students at the Center have ample opportunity to see and hear men and women whose names make news.

Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, whose husband at that time was vice-president, toured the Center and took particular delight in a display of modern paintings which lined the corridors of the Forum building.

Many of the VIPs take part in programs at the Southwest Center for Human Relations Studies. Recent visitors included Sargent Shriver, Stewart Udall, and Dr. Lewis Webster Jones, president of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

Other national figures come to the Center especially to confer with Thurman White, the soft-spoken ex-marine whose dogged persistence took the Extension Division from a former Navy BOQ on the north campus to the \$4 million Center on the main campus. International organizations, including UNESCO, value his advice.

Last year Thurman White logged 39,864 air miles, spending ninety-one days attending conferences which included a meeting in Tokyo with officers of the Far Eastern Command who wanted to hear how the BLS degree program could benefit men and women in the armed forces.

White steadfastly refuses to take credit for the Center's success. Proud of his staff, he begins sentences with "We" rather than "I." To hear him tell it, a person would never guess that it was he who convinced Kellogg Foundation officials of the need for a Center in Oklahoma, then spent nearly three years begging, pleading, cajoling and persuading to get the rest of the funds to complete the fifteen buildings.

During the construction period, the complex was known informally as the Kellogg Center, a name which has stuck like a sand bur. The official name, admittedly a bit of a tongue-tangler, was the choice of White's staff and administrators of the Kellogg Foundation.

"We called it the Oklahoma Center for Continuing Education to make it clear that it belongs to the entire state, not just to Norman or OU," White explained. "We wanted every Oklahoman to know that he has a real stake in the Center.

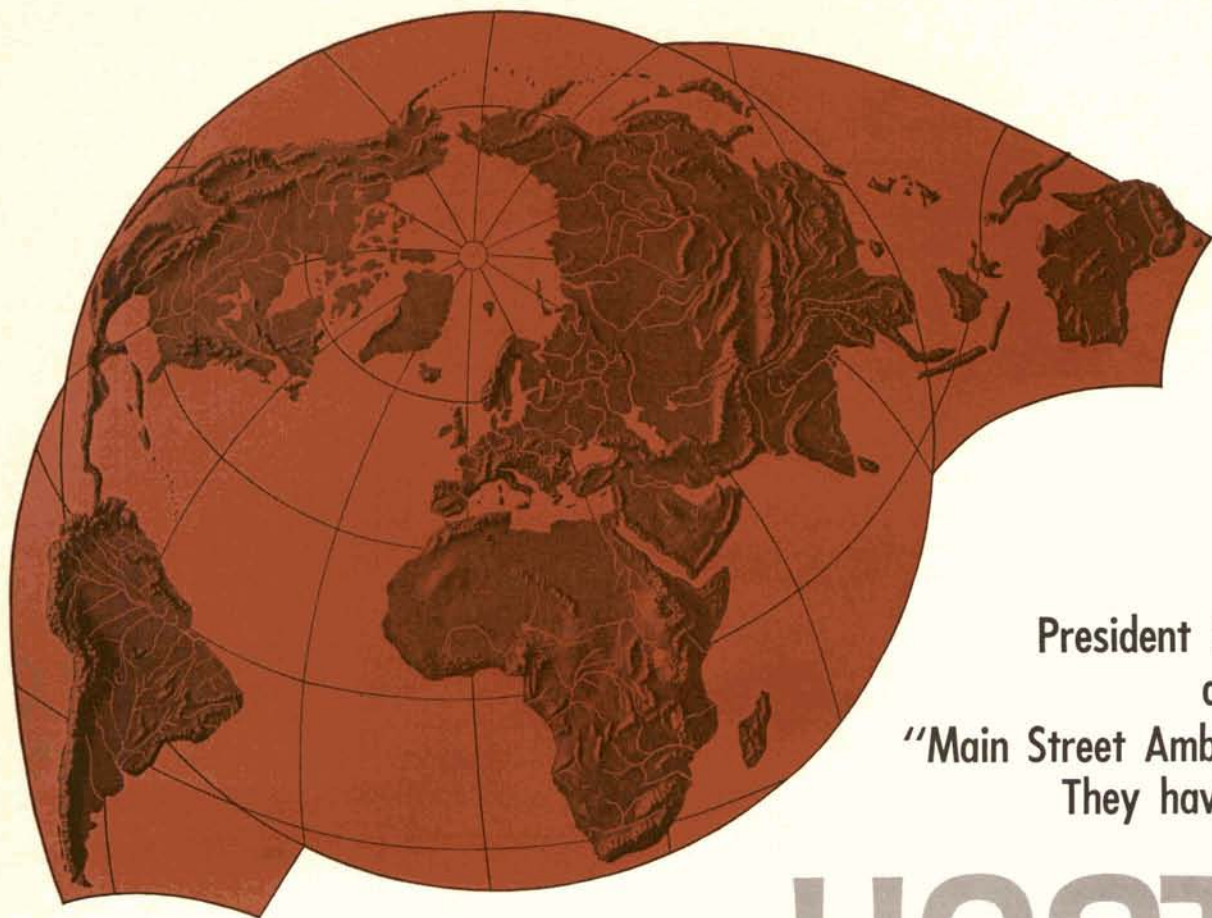
"Selecting the location of the Center was an interesting problem," the dean added. "We wanted it on the main campus, since the faculty is the same as for traditional graduate and undergraduate programs. On the other hand, it needed to be slightly apart from the classroom area, so older people wouldn't find themselves uneasy or uncomfortable in the presence of youngsters attending OU—many of our students might be running into their own children.

"The learning process for adults is different," White points out. "A young student, preparing to go into an occupation or profession, puts what he hears in class into his bank account of knowledge. The adult is ready to use the knowledge when he leaves here.

"At the Center, learning is a 24-hour, round-the-clock proposition. People who come here have a limited amount of time. We do everything we can to help the person who has just a few days to learn all he can in this period."

And so they come by the thousands—the housewives, the businessmen, the policemen, the club members in pretty bonnets, and all the others who have discovered at the Center that learning never ends. THE END

CONFERENCE	DATE	CONFERENCE
Advanced Program	Nov. 19—20	Values in Conflict II
IBM	Nov. 19—21	AFL-CIO (Tent)
Urbanization and the Church	Nov. 26—27	Extremism and the Age of Anxiety
Okla. Recreation Society	Nov. 28—Dec. 10	F.A.A.
Okla. Bankers Conference	Nov. 29—Dec. 1	P.T.A. Conference
Pharmacy Seminar	Nov. 29—Dec. 3	Conference Leading
American Leadership Seminar	Nov. 29—Dec. 3	Nursing Program
School V.D. Program	Nov. 29—Dec. 4	Advanced Program
O.C.C.I.D.	Nov. 29—Dec. 2	Y.M.C.A. Management
Planning for Profit	Dec. 1—3	Farm Bureau Presidents Conf.
Burglary, Robbery, and Forgery	Dec. 3—4	Human Relations Seminar
Personal Protective Equipment	Dec. 3—5	Amer. Society Landscape Architect
Advanced Program	Dec. 3—4	Religion: and Examination
Delta Pi Epsilon Council	Dec. 4	Clinical Conference
S.W. Philosophy of Educ. Society	Dec. 6—11	Advanced Program
Can you Afford Good Health?	Dec. 6—10	Fundamentals of Supervision
Group Advisement	Dec. 6—17	Reservoir Engineers
O.C.C.I.D.	Dec. 6—Jan. 22	Highway Patrol (Tent)
Federal Employee Management Relat.	Dec. 10—11	Values in Conflict III
Fundamentals of Supervision	Dec. 13—17	Fingerprint
Financial Control	Dec. 13—17	Rehabilitation Management
Advanced Program	Dec. 13—17	Counseling
State School Boards	Dec. 18	The School Teacher and Communism
Insurance School	Dec. 27—30	Pi Delta Kappa



President Eisenhower
called them
"Main Street Ambassadors."
They have made us

HOSTS INTERNATIONAL



Oklahoma is not unique in having foreign visitors. In this day of fast transportation, international cooperation programs, and exchange students, visitors from throughout the world are no longer a rarity in any state. However, with the exception of states with major seaports or coastal airports, Oklahoma very likely has a larger number of international visitors than any other state.

The world's principal academy for air traffic control is at Oklahoma City's Will Rogers Airport. A pioneering interest in foreign students has brought many, indeed a surprising number, to Oklahoma's colleges and universities. Two of the nation's principal military centers—Tinker Airforce Base and Fort Sill—have brought still more. Direct international air travel between Oklahoma and Paris, France, has been established. Many say that Oklahoma will become the crossroads of the world when the supersonic transport flies in the early 1970's.

But Oklahomans do not merely count the number of international visitors who come to the state. They concentrate on building international goodwill through hospitality. International programs have been organized by private organizations throughout the state. Most international relations groups cooperate in their programs, though there is no government coordinating agency.

The first major international program in Oklahoma, perhaps the first of its kind in the United States, was organized in Lawton shortly after the end of World War II. Soldiers coming to Fort Sill from overseas posts throughout the world brought many foreign war brides. Resentment began to build up between some townspeople and these young ladies with unusual backgrounds

and customs. Some of the foreign brides attempted to bargain in department stores in customary Far Eastern or European fashion. In short, they were looked upon as "different".

It was when Judge Floyd Jackson naturalized fifty-two war brides in a single ceremony in the late 1940's that Mrs. Jackson was inspired to introduce a program before a study club. Five of the young ladies entertained, telling about their native countries. The program was such a big hit that Mrs. Jackson was soon swamped with requests for programs throughout Oklahoma and north Texas. Often she filled as many as four program requests in a single day. The stigma of being a foreign bride was soon erased.

The programs also resulted in the formation of the International Relations Club in Lawton, which brought together new citizens and prospective citizens of many countries. The friendly contacts of this club helped bridge the gap between former foreign homes and the United States. Lawton's international program, working in cooperation with Fort Sill's Artillery School, has resulted in lasting personal friendships between individuals from dozens of our allied countries.

Quoting a letter from a Pakistan army officer: *"Neither time nor distance will dim the taste of genuine friendship and hospitality I enjoyed in your country. The taste is very pleasant, like something warm and fresh and sizzling with abundant flavor. My only regret is that Lawton is over 14,000 miles away from Pakistan."*

Since the late '40's approximately 3,500 men representing civil aviation in seventy-seven countries have

continued on next page



PHOTOS BY PAUL E. LEFEBVRE

BY PENDLETON WOODS

HOSTS INTERNATIONAL

come to Oklahoma City for periods ranging from two weeks to a year to take advanced instruction at the F.A.A. Aeronautical Center.

Hospitality was extended to these international students from the beginning through FAA employees, the YMCA, YWCA, the Chamber of Commerce, the Jaycees, and other organizations. The reports of international FAA students at the close of their training, however, indicated something was lacking.

"The Oklahomans were wonderful to me," a typical report read. "We attended many parties and met lots of nice people. When I return I will have many pleasant memories. But what I would prefer to have is *one close friend.*"

Thus, the "host family" program was born.

It did not mark the end of the international clubs or parties. They have increased. But the host family program was developed to give each international visitor *one family* who would be his particular host during his stay.

Where the participants in the earlier international programs were usually older couples without young children, the host families are likely to be large families with school age children.

The emphasis is upon complete informality. The host family is not asked to especially entertain the international guest, but simply to include him in the usual family activities. This includes church dinners, ball games, trips to the country, a Boy Scout meeting, or just an evening at home singing around the piano. Host

families and international guests usually get together for some activity at least once each week, though the frequency depends upon the schedule of the family and the study load of the international student.

Most FAA students and some of the college exchange students are married and have children at home, so the presence of children in the host family circle enhances the program. Often it results in exchanges of letters between children of the host family and those of the international student.

An invitation is issued by citizens of Mangum and surrounding farms for each international F.A.A. class to make a weekend visit to the lake area there. Each student has a host family from the Mangum area for the weekend. In many cases this results in repeat visits to Mangum by the international student.

Many host family relationships turn into lifelong friendships, which include occasional exchanges of letters, books or gifts, and in some cases a return visit by the host family to the country of the international student. The Christmas card displays of long-time host families take on an international flavor, with Christmas greetings in languages ranging from Turkish to Chinese.

Our two major universities, O.U. and O.S.U., have approximately one thousand international students each year. Other colleges and universities have lesser numbers, but still a significant number.

The emphasis here is to bring international students into the general student activity, and international clubs are organized at all colleges where there is a significant foreign enrollment, along with the host family program.

Typical is the University of Oklahoma International Center which provides an opportunity for American and

Danis Balkan, F.A.A. student, from Turkey enjoys family activities with his hosts, the Ross E. Harlan family.



foreign students to get together on an informal social level to learn something about each other's countries. The center presents "style shows" annually in Norman and in Oklahoma City. These shows are money-making projects for the center, but the income is not considered as important as their value to international relations. A Banquet of Nations is held each spring, with a multitude of dishes representing foods prepared all around the world.

Oklahoma State University students participate in similar programs. Oklahoma City University's International Club is affiliated with the YMCA and YWCA. International Night is held once monthly, with a different country featured in each program. Central State College arranges special visits in American homes during Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays.

Foreign students serve in all capacities in the schools' extra-curricular programs. They serve as officers of residence halls and other campus groups. International students at Central State have organized a soccer team which schedules games with other colleges and universities.

East Central State College, Ada, conducts an international program coordinated by a faculty member. International programs are presented to civic and study clubs, church groups, and other audiences in southern Oklahoma. One of the East Central students is the son of the chief minister for government and justice of the Panamanian government.

Many other organizations participate in extending Oklahoma hospitality to the world. The Red Cross, for example, furnishes a vehicle and volunteers to meet new students at Will Rogers Airport whenever a host family

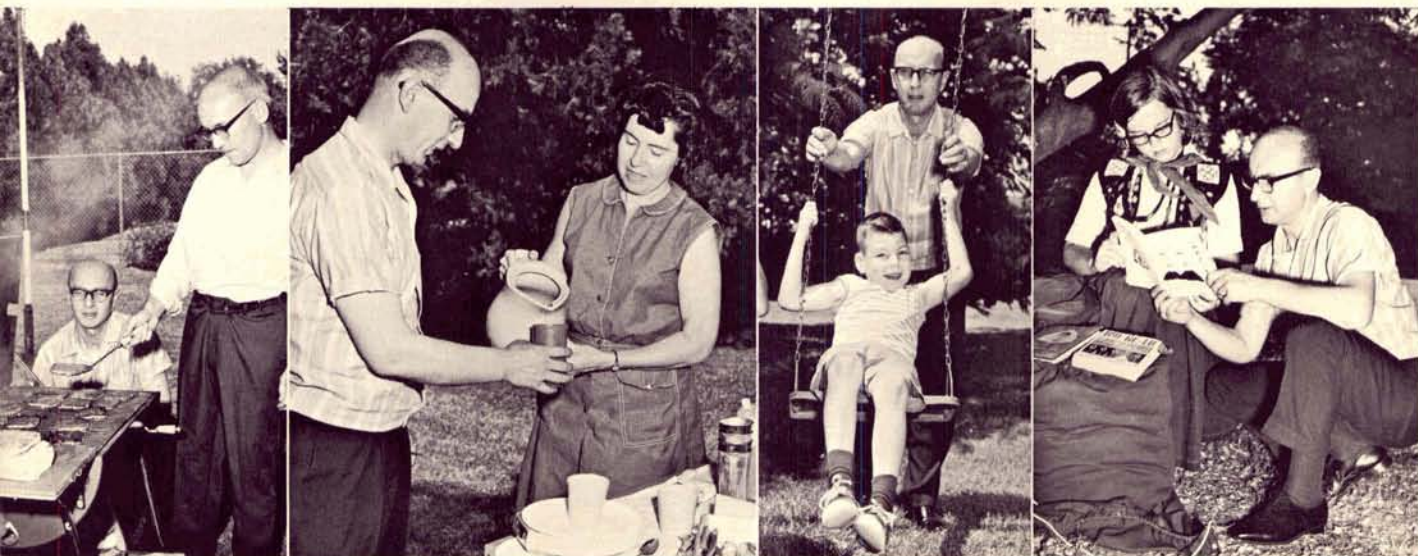
or official representative is not available. They also arrange for recordings of Christmas messages for international students and for host families wishing to "talk" with their adopted sons overseas.

Twice each year Oklahoma Governor Henry Bellmon invites international students from colleges, universities and the FAA Academy to a reception. Beginning with a briefing and question and answer session on our state government, these sessions include a tour of Capitol and refreshments at the Governor's mansion. Governor Bellmon has appointed an International Relations Council which meets all groups on official state missions, and hosts them during their stay.

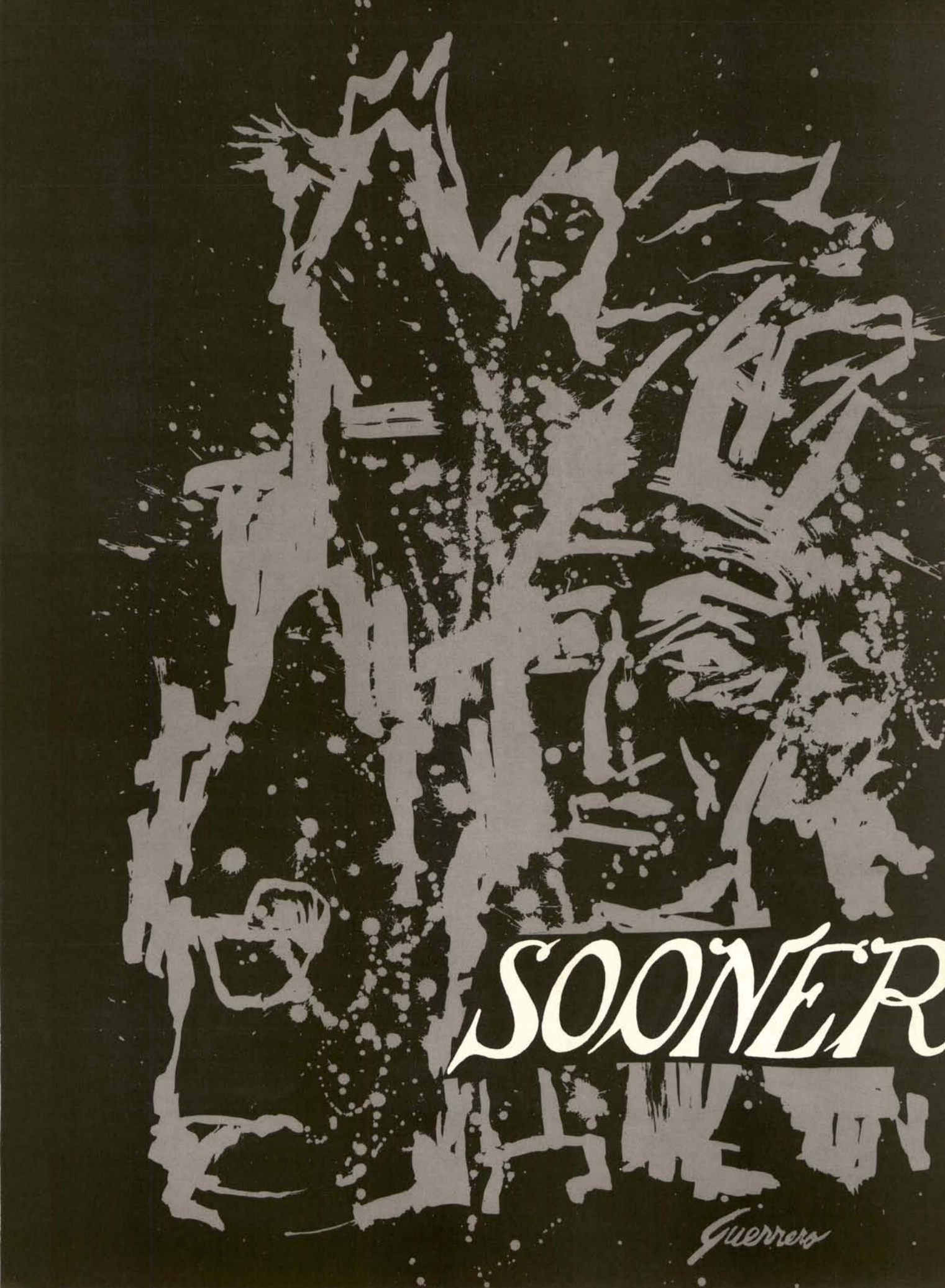
The U.S. State Department has expressed great interest in the Oklahoma program, and officials have often singled out Oklahoma for praise. Najeeb Halaby, former director of the Federal Aviation Agency, often praised the Oklahoma host family program as one of the best international relations projects in the United States. The U.S. Agency for International Development has been equally complimentary, describing the host family operation as most outstanding.

But perhaps the really important testimonials come, not from officials, but from hundreds of international students who call Oklahoma their second home. The feelings expressed in hundreds of letters to Oklahoma families are perhaps best summed up by a young man from Viet Nam who wrote:

"When I waved goodbye to you from the airplane, suddenly I felt as if I was waving to my folks. I don't know how to explain all my feeling during this period in Oklahoma. The stay was too short, cruelly short, wasn't it? I hope that we will sing songs together again someday."



PHOTOS BY THE AUTHOR



SOONER

Guerrero

From whence cometh ghosts?

Some say they are bred in the darkness of our own ignorance, greed, superstition.

Which is all very well—until you've seen one. It is easy to make light of an apparently supernatural occurrence which happens to someone else, but should something happen to *you* it might not be so funny. Many pseudo sophisticates have belittled another's fears, then been scared half out of their wits themselves, and thereafter been less skeptical about spooks.

Our great-grandparents would have been quite skeptical in the 1890's of bouncing an image off an object in space then receiving it on another continent, yet we view European current events on television and consider it quite commonplace.

A friend of mind recently saw a mirage on the high plains of our Oklahoma panhandle—he swears it was the Taj Mahal. Once, on an Arizona desert highway I was almost driven off the road by a diesel driven locomotive bearing down on me—it turned out to be a mirage.

I recall an account of a traveler in 1875 who saw a stagecoach yonder, drawn by a full six-horse hitch. It, too, was a mirage. Is it possible that light waves traveling through the atmosphere, perhaps even from distant India to Oklahoma, might somehow reconstitute themselves and create an image where atmospheric conditions are proper?

As any junior high school science student knows, nothing in nature is ever lost, it simply changes form. When wood is burned nothing is destroyed. It is changed into ashes and gasses but every element originally present in the wood still exists, simply in another form.

It then seems incredible that so remarkable an entity as the human spirit should ever be lost. This is no attempt to say that ghosts or disembodied spirits exist. Definitely, I have never seen one. But it is equally definite that things happen which are difficult to explain with our present body of knowledge.

Almost everyone has had some contact with an incomprehensible—or, if you will, spooky—experience. The vague feeling "I have been here before" or "this has happened to me before" when our solid sense of reality tells us the opposite.

So, whether there be premonition, mental telepathy, apparitions, things supernatural, or no, here are some tales told

by all kinds of people, with nothing more in common than that they are of Oklahoma, once or now. Perhaps we should hear them with at least no more skepticism than great-grandad would have accorded Telestar.

"Near Alderson, on Peaceable Creek," writes an elderly lady of a generation past, "We went fishing and stayed all night in a deserted cabin. Next morning, my husband noticed an old shot gun about ready to fall to pieces in a rack above the door. There was an old leather shot pouch with it. He took them down and there was a scalp in the pouch. He went to fish. It rained awhile

continued on next page

SPOOKS

by bill burchardt



then the sun came out. I was sitting on the porch when a man in an army coat stood right in front of me. His face was shining, all light around it, then he faded away. I called my husband. We hitched up the horse. It was a gentle old horse and the children climbed on to ride it while we sat in the wagon. Just as we started, the horse got scared of something, we couldn't tell what, and threw the children. The next day, my husband went back but couldn't find any tracks or anything. I wonder what it was?"

Some of the stories, however ridiculous they seem, are curious. "Winged Celia lived in our settlement," relates another early informant. "She lived by stealing. All of us were afraid of her. She would come into our houses and get anything she wanted. She had wings that folded out from her body and sometimes about dusk we would see her perched on somebody's housetop ready to go in and get what she wanted. Children and grown people would throw rocks at her but could never hit her.

"She was a conjurer and never left our community. When we would beg her to go away and leave us alone, she would laugh and cluck and cackle like a hen. Finally a man told us that she could be killed with a silver ball. The man sent to a foreign country and got one. He put the ball in his gun and went hunting for Winged Celia. He found her in a small clearing and shot her with the silver ball. She fell and the man drove a wooden stake thru her heart, pinning her to the ground . . ."

Which sounds like the plot of a horror movie made for the teen-age trade, yet is striking in its similarity to the werewolf and vampire tales of central Europe, and one wonders how such legends could have been known to the uneducated people in the pre-Civil War Oklahoma community where this tale originated.

Belief in witches has never been confined to the uneducated. There is the remarkable case of Solomon Hotema, a well educated professor, distinguished, grandfatherly appearing and white bearded. When a favorite child of Solomon Hotema's took sick and died Hotema was told by an Indian mystic that an old woman in the neighborhood was a witch and had caused his child to die. Hotema took his Winchester, went to her home and killed her and five other people who were present in the house. He was arrested, tried for murder at the federal court in Paris, Texas, and spent the rest of his life in prison.

Equally interesting is the account of Marshal Bass Reeves, of Muskogee. Let Marshal Reeves tell his own story of the arrest of Ya-ke, a noted Indian conjurer. "I was on the North Fork, to arrest some horse thieves. My posse and I encamped in the woods with two wagon loads of prisoners. Among the criminals were two Indians

who had each given Ya-ke a pony for medicine which was to make them invincible should officers of the law attempt to arrest them. As I had a warrant for Ya-ke, I arrested him, also.

"That night as we rested I felt very stiff and sore, although I had felt exceptionally well all day. The next morning we started on for Fort Smith. I rode a good saddle horse, but was too ill to keep in sight of the wagons. When I reached the camp that night the party had finished eating, and had shackled the prisoners. With the utmost difficulty I dismounted but could not stand without assistance. I ached in every limb, my eyes were swollen so that I could hardly see. I had no appetite, but was extremely thirsty.

"Ya-ke was lying on his back, fast asleep. His coat had fallen back, revealing a pocket from which a string dangled. Immediately, I knew that it was attached to his medicine bag. Cautiously I reached his side and secured the mole skin bag. It was filled with bits of roots, pebbles, tiny rolls of short hair, and was tied with blue and red string. I tossed it into the creek and watched it float away.

"With a start Ya-ke awoke. 'You stole my medicine!' he cried.

" 'Yes, it is sailing down the stream,' I answered.

"He made lavish promises of what he would give me if I would only get it back for him. 'My power is gone,' he moaned.

"From the time the bag struck the water I began to feel better, and soon was as well as ever. Ya-ke told me afterwards that if he had not lost his medicine, I would have been dead before we reached Fort Smith. I believe that he told the truth."

In the year 1874 the Kiowas were finally subdued. Their war leaders were brought in and imprisoned in an unfinished icehouse at Fort Sill. Among them was Ma-man-ti, the great Owl Prophet of the Kiowa people. It fell the lot of Kicking Bird, peace leader of the Kiowas, to select those who must go to Florida for imprisonment. The Indians had been free and much resented being locked up in the close quarters of the icehouse. They were deeply angered on being told they would be taken from their homeland to prison in Florida. When the soldiers came to chain them they resisted with all their strength. At last, as they lay chained in the wagon, Kicking Bird rode alongside to assure them he would get them released soon.

The Owl Prophet Ma-man-ti told Kicking Bird, "You must die for the part you had in this. You see your own people in chains in this wagon. It is the last time you will see us before you die."

When the wagon camped overnight at Rush Springs, Ma-man-ti smoked his pipe and talked with the Owl, then he told his friends, "When I kill Kicking Bird, I must give up my own life, too."

The following day Kicking Bird died. Soon after reaching Florida, Ma-man-ti passed away in his sleep. It is difficult to know how much the power of sug-

gestion played in enabling Indian medicine men to accomplish their feats, but they worked for good as often as for evil.

One such case involved the daughter of a chief who married against her father's wishes. In fury the old chief ordered all his daughter's clothing and possessions burned and burial ceremonies held for her as if she were dead.

It was not many moons before word came back to the old chief that his daughter had been ill ever since her marriage and was wasting away toward a very real death. The chief besought cures, but nothing seemed to help until the tribal medicine man wisely informed him that it was the curse and burial ceremony that was causing the trouble . . . if the chief would forgive his daughter and receive her back into the tribe she would recover; if not, she would die. In this manner the chief was persuaded to forgive, and his daughter recovered.

To court favor with the supernatural, our forebears honored hundreds of superstitions. When the great horned owl hoots, throw a little salt on the fire. A losing gambler should look carefully to see if someone had a foot on a round of his chair.

Always brand cattle during the decrease of the moon—if you brand during the increase the brands will grow as the calves grow and ruin the hides. When you plant seed corn throw the cobs in the lake, and your crop will never want for water.

Carry the right hind foot of a rabbit caught in the cemetery and killed at midnight on a Friday. When you see a load of hay, make a wish and turn away.

Never light the lamp after the meal has begun. Eat all the food on the table and it will be a clear day tomorrow. Starlight, star bright, first star I've seen tonight, wish I may, wish I might have the wish I wish tonight.

Wear new dimes in your new shoes. Mole on the neck, money by the peck. If your eyelid quivers—good news is coming. During a half-moon, dig mouse ear roots, wear them in a white handkerchief about your neck, and you're bullet-proof!

Wash hands together, be friends forever. The list goes on. You can likely add another dozen or so. Perhaps a few that you still observe rather carefully yourself. We are far from finished with the supernatural—or it is far from finished with us—who knows?

On a recent trip my wife and I became lost in the residence section of a southern Oklahoma town. We stopped to ask directions from a boy walking along the sidewalk. As he approached the car, my wife said softly, "That boy has a speech impediment." When he spoke, he did indeed. How did she know this?

I have a photographer friend who has a poltergeist in his darkroom. As he works a bottle of chemicals may suddenly smash itself against the wall in the darkness beside him. Film, carefully and properly handled, oftentimes becomes mysteriously fogged. Ridiculous? Not to my photographer friend who has been endlessly plagued by this mischievous spook.

Near Devils Hollow, in northeastern Oklahoma, to this day you can see the Spook Light. Miami *News-Record* columnist Frances Baker writes, "On moonless nights, since the turn of the century people have seen this ghostly light traveling up the road, sometimes just above the tree tops, other times bouncing along the ground. Engineers have studied the possible causes of such a light, photographers have taken pictures in an effort to find a logical explanation for the light."

Mrs. Baker writes of a young man who was going down "spook light road" one night, returning home after a date. "It was about midnight. He was driving slowly because he was sleepy. He saw an elderly woman in long clothing, carrying what looked like a basket. He slowed down to give the midnight traveler a ride. When he stopped he was a little past where the woman was, so he backed up. There was no sign of anybody on the road. He said the wail of the wind in the trees sounded like someone crying. He made haste to get started down the road as quickly as he could. When he dared look back the light glowed just above the level of the trees where he had stopped to pick up the old woman.

"Thousands of people have viewed the Spook Light but come away as baffled as before; to some the light has a spreading shape like a phosphorescent octopus, others declare it whirls like a windmill. I have seen the light many times," writes Mrs. Baker. "Being a logical person, I first went to see the light prepared to either not see it or find some perfectly simple explanation of it. I saw it and I can't explain it."

Near Lake Texoma is Fort Washita, once deserted and inaccessible, but recently again opened to the public. Around the turn of the century, twice yearly, on the last nights of October and March, there was often seen there the apparition of a young and beautiful woman, who, while watched, beckoned silently to the observer as she floated off across the stream by the fort. At the same time, the hoof beats of a troop of cavalry could be plainly heard.

Legend tells of a young lieutenant who was assigned to the post from an eastern garrison. He postponed his wedding to answer the call of duty. Soon after reaching the fort, he sickened and died—on the last night of October. His young bride-to-be, heartsick on receiving the news of the lieutenant's death, faded during the winter, and passed away in her eastern home—on the last night of the following March.

Perhaps you would like to visit old Fort Washita this Halloween night and see if the beautiful apparition will beckon to you. If so, go alone. Otherwise, it is unlikely she will appear, for two are company. Three are a crowd.

THE END

